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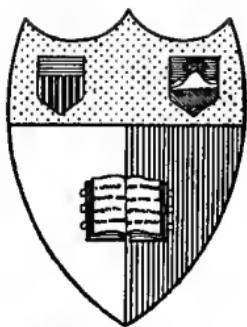
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IXION, AND OTHER POEMS.

I X I O N,

AND

O T H E R P O E M S.

BY

HARVEY HUBBARD.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

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P R E F A C E.

It may be proper to state, that "Ixion," together with some of the smaller poems in this volume, have been before published. Ixion was written at quite an early age, and notwithstanding considerable revision, will doubtless be found to contain many marks of immaturity; and I am fearful that the poems, generally, will be found to bear many evidences of haste and carelessness in style and expression.

It may be also proper to mention, that all of the poems which have been before published, have appeared under an assumed name.

The lengthiest poem, "IRAD," is but a fragment of a work which I had at one time in contemplation; although the portion now published is complete in itself, so far as I ever intended to complete it. I have only attempted to depict the emotions or passions of one, who, disgusted at

the “immedicable” vices of the world about him, and disappointed in a controlling passion, contemplates without fear the approaching doom, which is to involve both himself and the world in ruin. The theme seemed to me capable of poetic development ; but I may fear whether I have even partially succeeded in the attempt.

NORWICH, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1852.

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I X I O N.

P A R T I.

I X I O N I N H E A V E N.

SCENE.—*Mount Olympus—Ixion—The Genii of Ixion.*

FIRST GENIUS.

ETERNAL Light! ye glorious rays
Of majesty above,
Which through the realms of Nature blaze
With life and joy and love.

Forth issuing from the eternal throne
Of Him who binds the heavenly zone,
They backward press the gates of night,
And flood the waving air,—

Robing the stars with glory bright
That roll forever there.

Press back, ye gates! ye circling walls
Which shut in starry even;
Lo! as with jewels shine the halls
And golden shrines of Heaven!

SECOND GENIUS.

Jove! unto thee is power,—
The Heaven's wide arch is thine;
Thou dost in tempests lower,
Thou mak'st the lightnings shine.
Alone,— supreme in might,
Thou fillest gods with dread,
And fierce thy bolts alight
On man's rebellious head.
'Tis thine to rule on high
O'er spirit, soul and clay,
And when thy heralds fly,
Let shrinking man obey!

THIRD GENIUS.

Within the Heaven's eternal walls
See walk the wondrous man;

Godlike he treads the golden halls,

Built ere his race began ;

Nor pallid cheek, nor fading eye

Show aught of yielding fear ;

But calm and cold with daring high

He bears his manhood here.

Hail, Jove ! the god of love and light,

From whom all things began ;

Hail ! thou beloved in Heaven's pure sight,

The sky-uplifted man.

IXION.

I move along the eternal halls of Heaven,

Rich with the odors of celestial love,

And sink not ! and mine eyes drink in the flames

Of godlike majesty, and grow not dark !

A little while, and on yon fading world,

Far gleaming like a golden point in air,

Half lost amid the blazonry of stars,—

I dwelt with thee, O Time,—with joy and pain ;—

Thy pleasures poisons were ; I dashed them down,

And turned unto myself, scorning the dust
That wrapped me in;—dust striving to the stars,
Yet cleaving to the earth. I had my foes,
As who has not? They fell,—till that one hour,
When like a blasted tree my strong frame bent
With a deep groan. Then, in the hour of shame,
Among the gods I soared. Yet here alone,
I tread these jewelled halls,—alone must hear
The warbling music of celestial souls,—
Alone, of all my race, gaze on the Throne
Ineffable, and worship. Thus to be,
Godlike in will,—in power but feeble clay,
Blots Jove's great mercy out;—to see forever,
Like Tantalus, the bending fruit of Heaven,
And clutch its juicy sweets in vain,—yet live.
Man's dwelling is with man! This earthy frame
Clogs my quick soul, and makes an Earth of
Heaven.

And what is Heaven with all this multitude
Of natures dissonant to mine, but Earth

Save in its gorgeous richness ? Love, power, strife,
All passions, feeling, and all thought, the same
But more intense !

O Love ! Thy home is here,—
Wide as the universe ! and sweet, methought,
As through the parting air, I mounted up,
I heard the stars reply to stars with songs
Ringing forever ! In the subject heart
By time or place unchangeable, thou reignest
With a deep passion,—coloring all blest things
Even with thy hues ! Thou reignest smiling here ;
And the wide heavens are gleaming with thy bolts
Of passionate fire ! I move along the halls
Where Jove sits throned, and dream — is it a
dream ?

Come such sweet phantasies in visions frail ?
Art thou like Time, O fond ecstatic power,
That thou dost tear the loved thou givest us,
From out our bleeding hearts ? Do thy sweet forms
Glide like the phantoms of our dreams away

In the waste void of night? or wander ever
Like the lost soul, voiceless, among the stars?
They live in their own realms—they live forever!
Immortal in their bodiless charms. Come thou,
My dream, and fill the Heaven's wide vacancy
With thy sweet presence; bear my trembling
heart

Within the cloudy circle that enfolds
In golden mist, the bower of Love! One smile
From that impassioned eye, and I could dare
The Thunderer on his seat, while his bolts fall
Burning and fierce around! Sweet Queen of
Heaven!

To thee 'tis madness to aspire; to win
Is glory plucked from the bright halls of Jove!

FOURTH GENIUS.

O Love divine! thou child of Heaven,
Who shall escape thy sweet control?
To thee by mighty Jove is given
The silken chains that bind the soul.

Advance, blest mortal ! seize the prize
Which Love now offers unto thee ;
Thine is the empress of the skies ;
She loves,—obey the soft decree !

IXION.

Behold where Juno moves with that sweet grace,
Which charmed of old, the Father of all love !
Her feet scarce press the ground, and seem to tread
Upon the golden tissues of the air,
Which, lightly yielding, bears its queen aloft !
I have no eyes for aught beside,—nor ears to hear,
Save the soft music of her steps. She smiles,
And all Olympus' concentrated love
Gleams in her eyes ! I fly,—and at her feet
Will find the Heaven, which, without *her*, would be
The direst of Hell's profound. Great Queen, I come !

FIFTH GENIUS.

Love is wanton and deceiving,
Smiling but to weave its snare ;
Mortal, weak and fond believing,
Mortal, of high Jove beware !

Love, ne'er lone and secret goeth,
Suspicion lowereth by its side ;
Who the end of deep love knoweth ?
Unknown ever, though oft tried.
Luring, smiling and betraying,
Love a wanton traitor is ;
While their airy halls surveying,
Mortals perish in their bliss.
Jove now wields his deadly thunder ;
Ixion, who thy tale shall tell ?
Hark ! it bursts the clouds asunder,
And the victim hurls to Hell.

PART II.

IXION IN HELL.

SCENE.—*Tartarus*—*Spirits*—*Ixion chained to a rolling wheel*
—*Human Spirits*—*Sisyphus*—*Tantalus*.

FIRST SPIRIT.

BROODING darkness, hovering o'er
Horrors of the Stygian shore;
Wandering ghosts with frozen hair,
Beating wild the gloomy air;
Frantic rage and shrieking pain
Bound forever to their chain;
Brooding darkness, unto thee,
Make we this glad revelry!

Chaos wild and discord dread
Stalk among the wandering dead;
Loud confusion shrieking high,
Drags its uproar madly by;

Night eternal veils each cell
Of the dungeon deep of Hell ;
Brooding darkness, unto thee,
Make we this glad revelry !

SECOND SPIRIT.

Lo ! up yon mountain see ascend
The ever-rolling stone ;
Beneath it Sysiphus doth bend
And heave it with a groan.
Here, Tantalus in Hell's deep river,
Sighs for one cooling draught ;
But flowing onward, swift forever
It passeth by unquaffed.
Lo ! Ixion rolling on his wheel,
In tearless, dumb despair ;
Why lifteth *he* no loud appeal ?
Why rolls he speechless there ?

IXION.

Forever ! was the doom ! forevermore
Through endless ages to revolve in pain

Upon a living rack : to know the pangs
That die not ; and to be the inhuman sport
Of mocking fiends and gibbering shades. I bend,
But groan not. Tyranny may wield its scourge
With lashes multiplied — it shall not conquer ;
The steadfast soul can never be a slave,
But in its chainless palace may outlaugh
High Jove himself. 'Tis liberty to know
And feel the breathing of that inward life
Caught from the immortality of Heaven,
Which, soaring from the raek and galling chain,
Confronts high Jove amid his servile gods !
Tyrant of gods and men ! I curse thee now,
Here, from this bed of never-ending pain,
And dare thy malice.— Torture add to pain,
Flames add, and life forever dying, yet
Thy great injustice spurns my wrongéd soul,
And deathless scorn within my heart finds wings
To mount even to thy throne.

But thus to be,
Through an eternity, whose lengthy round
Moves sluggish as the delaying march of Hope,
Is terrible! But like that fearless man,—
The rock-bound,—great Prometheus, whom thou
hatest,—

Who brought the fire of life from Heaven, *I* bear
The thunder's scars. He chained unto his rock,
The vulture's food and prey of pitiless storms
Smiled at thy fiendlike malice. I can share
His tortures, and his immortality
Of martyrdom and fame, to thee a shame
Eternal as thy throne!

CHORUS OF HUMAN SPIRITS.

Immortal Titan! unto thee
Shall man's eternal praises be;
Thou, chained upon the mountain rock,
The world's beloved—the Heaven's wide mock,—
The lasting mark of Jove's great crime
Through the slow march of countless time,

Hast wrung from Earth her endless love,
And hate for tyranny of Jove.

Chained on the mountain's frozen peak,—
Gnawed by the greedy vulture's beak,
Nor steadfast earth, nor mountain's brow,
Stand firmer than to truth stood thou ;
And thy great agony shall fill
The world with hope and iron will,—
To guard fore'er the blessing given,
The immortal happiness of Heaven !

Thy rock was as a throne to thee,
Reared proudly o'er the earth and sea ;
And that vast throne of pain shall be
The undying mark of memory.
Thou, worthiest of the crown of Jove,
Serenely dared the powers above,
And through the listening universe
Hurled far the burden of thy curse !

Thou on thy rock didst triumph still,
By fearless heart and steadfast will ;
And proved thyself heroic then,
As when thou brought'st thy gift to men.
Thou, Titan ; and thy fame shall dwell,
When Jove descends from sky to hell,
Bright through the ages that shall be
Loud in their gratitude to thee.

IXION.

Through weary years
All dark and numberless, this rolling wheel
Has borne me in its flight, unceasing since
Sweet Orpheus kindled Hell with his wild lyre,
And charmed my racking with song,*—condemned to
see
Groaning in wrath, the Heaven-invading beast,
Briarius, who with hundred arms, waged war
Upon the gods,—fire-vomiting Chimeræ,—
The furies dread engendered in the flames

* Atque Ixionii cantu rota constitit orbis.—GEORG. lib. iv.

Upon incestuous beds ; and Lernæ's awful beast,
Whose shade crawls hissing through the murky
night,
Scarred by great Hercules.

Yet here, amid

These tortures, I can bring from Heaven the form
Of her beloved, for whom I suffer now
Hell pains. Love rooted, dieth not forever ;
Engraven on the marble of the heart,
It liveth through the ages,— even *here*,—
Ineffaceable as the bright stars of Heaven !
The soul hath strength and reason — power to bring
Knowledge from secret depths — the art to work
The rough-hewn marble into life ; — hath power,
That yet by slow degrees shall lift the world
With wonder, — until men creators are
Of the wished boons the gods give grudgingly.
But all the mighty forces of our souls
Can add no deeper hue to the heart's rich love.
It clingeth to our being — planted there

By Him who made us — binding heart to heart,
And blending like with like through all the world ; —
Entering the lion's jungle ; in the groves
Warming the sky-swung nests of flying life,
And kindling an intensity of thought
Within the heart of man, which prompts to deeds
Generous and noble, and mortality
Lifts up unto a blessed being ! But, —
Thus doomed to be, for passions wrought within
By Jove himself, — the tempter, — punisher, —
Is tyranny at which high justice frowns,
But her sword lifts with powerless hand ; for who
Can cope with Heaven ? or who reverse decrees,
Framed by the eternal tyrant ? Ah ! that yet, —
For one sweet moment, that high throne were filled
With a power mightier than thee ! Darting, as fleet
As thine own vulture, which mine eyes have seen
Down stooping from some desolate mountain crag,
Would I drag thee before the impartial throne,
And let Him judge between us ! But, 't is vain

To murmur : I will bear as I have borne,
And my lips open but to curse !

SYSIPHUS.

To curse !

What voice sounds through these echoing labyrinths
With daring murmurs ? From thy rolling bed,
O thou that cursest, mark these fainting limbs,—
This endless sweat of my great labor ! Thou !
O bear with me through all these countless years,
Thy shoulders 'gainst this moving rock, and lift
Till thy stretched sinews ache ; and thou shalt find
Fit cause for curses. But be hushed thy voice,
Lest it can prophesy with words of hope !
Still the rock hangs poised, and the huge wheel
moves on !

TANTALUS.

O, neighbor of the Roek ! O rolling One !
Dream ye of Hope ? Through all this weary time
Hope galls *me* ever ! for each coming wave
Of this swift river, in whose bed I stand,

Lifts up its glassy crown to touch my lips,
Yet darteth from me;— still each breath of wind
That shakes the golden fruit of this fair tree
Above me, bendeth its rich branches down
Almost within my clutch. Do ye yet hope?
Still the rock hangs poised, and the huge wheel
moves on,
And the swift river stayeth not!

IXION.

Afar,

Like a dim light blazing through blackened air,
Behold, O faithless ones, the star of Hope!
Behind it, lowering, move Revenge, all armed,
And Justice, with her sword, who shall o'erturn
The tottering monarchy of Heaven, and hurl
The Omnipotent, self-called, and all his gods,
Into our vacant places; and his shrines
Gleaming along the altar-sheening Nile,
And over Hellas' blooming vales, shall fall
For vipers to creep over, and for owls

To nest in with their night-carousing broods ;
While Earth shall loathe the clotted gore once shed
As odor to his nostrils, steaming up
On the dank walls of slaughter-houses built
To Him, with incense, song, and revelry.

Then shall my torments cease ; and, rising up,
My arm shall dare the fallen Thunderer !
But Love ! shall these thy pains unceasing be ?
Have *they* no end ? To thee I bend and sigh,
And hug thy heavy chains, — a passive slave !
But thy immortal memories are mine,
Softening my rack, and through this gloomy night
Glowing like stars within a sunless sky !

I R A D:
OR, THE DOOM OF THE DELUGE.

“ * * * The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.”

I.

HITHER at length, shall end my weary flight,
Forever end, O Nature undefiled ;
Behold me, sun and sea and mountain-height,
Wide-waving woods, steep crags and rivers wild,
To ye returns once more your wandering child.
Have I not loved thy rolling waves, O Sea,
And with thy changing temper glowed or smiled ?
Thou Sun, hath not my soul been glad in thee ?
And thou, O mountain-height, hast made me strong
and free.

II.

Ye in your changing moods have taught my heart
Great Nature's freedom. O that men, like ye,
Were steadfast in their passions and their part,
To frown or smile in Nature's sympathy.
'T is godlike to be bold and firm and free!
Tempest and darkness are with rage divine,
As is this golden light, with love. Then be
The better friends whose features frankly shine,
Or open enemies that threaten and — combine!

III.

To ye I come,—an exile from my kind,
Betrayed where loving, cursed where seeming blest;
If I have borne with anguish unconfined
The torture of a world,—hear my behest,
And soothe with all your love my bleeding breast;
Encircle firm, O friends, my wasted soul,
And bear me gently to my chosen rest;
For have ye not a wide oblivious goal,
Where tempests shrink in awe and placid waters
roll?

IV.

Is Heaven still unavenged? and yet pursues
In me my doomed forefather's awful deed?
O race of Cain! shalt thou not ever lose
The world's reproach, the murderer's baleful meed?
Is Heaven not just? Lo! Seth's unpunished seed
Thrive with their flocks on mountain and on plain,
And Heaven smiles on them as their offerings bleed;
Can Pain beget its image thus again?
And Virtue ever thus its heavenly stamp retain?

V.

Oft in my youth from grandsires old I heard
The wondrous tale of Heaven-accurséd Cain;
Their bleared eyes shone with ecstasy abhorred,
But their old hands clutched their thick staves in vain.
They told how godlike was their sire in pain,
Tortured, but cursing not; whose giant will
Subdued the unholy burning of his brain
With deep Philosophy's unshrinking skill,
While men and seraphs said, "Is this the man of
Ill?"

VI.

Alas! Is Knowledge Evil's worthless child?¹
The race of Seth in innocence retired
With flock and tent to plain or mountain wild,
And Virtue still their hours of task inspired.
Rude, simple, few their wants, their souls unfired,
The sire bequeathed his image to his son;
And we with jeering scorn and sneer admired
That centuries their lengthy round should run,
Their virtue unsubdued and wants increaséd none.

VII.

But from the branded brow of Cain behold,
Quick Art and gentle Science wondrous came:
He framed the city;² and its towers of gold
Raised their bright fronts to Heaven with mocking
flame.
Around the mass, and city's living frame
He bound the invisible spell of ruling law,
Which king became without a royal name;
But governing by gentle force and sovereign awe,
The unquiet quiet were as they the stern rule saw.

VIII.

But woe to thee, O City of the Plain !
For passions wild and fierce distempered ills
Rage in thy heart and throb in every vein,
While impious Knowledge its cursed lore instils,
Deadly as poisoned cups that Murder fills !
Thy fierce gaze turned in maddened scorn towards
Heaven,
Provokes the invisible hand that pains or kills
As if to thee, O impotent, were given
Lightnings and storms and powers by which yon
skies are riven !

IX.

Like clouds that hang upon the mountain's brow
Shrouding conceal'd fires, a hidden dread
Broods darkly o'er thee. In its midst, e'en now,
The embryo tempests to quick life are bred.
I flee from ye, for like to-morrow's dead
Whose feverish life and furious sport to-day
Wild passion's mad insanity hath fed,

The fearful canker of concealed decay
Hath eaten all but fierce and frenzied life away.

x.

O Earth! my groaning soul beholds in thee
Unnatural signs of premature decay;
Strange portents are around us; land and sea
Tremble and shake, and wondrous fear betray;
And oft as Heaven's bright spirits wing their way
O'er the green world, strange sorrow mutely dwells
In their sad eyes; while ever, night and day,
In desolate glens and frowning mountain cells,
Strange spirits shriek and cry with loud demoniac
yells.

xi.

But blind as idiots to the things of doom,
The midnight revel and the reeking crime,—
The gorgeousness of impious pomp,—the gloom
Of deeds unhallowed,—mark the pregnant time;
Like some bold eagle, that with wings sublime
Seeks the vast sky and breasts the sweeping gale,
Ye to your height of daring madness climb

To learn how soon may tempted pleasure fail,
And dash ye to the Earth, broken, and bruised and
pale.

xii.

I cast ye from me ; for your breath is rife
With pestilence and agitation wild ;
And with a nobler aim I seek the life
To which kind Nature points her erring child ;
Where, midst her glowing beauties undefiled,
A new existence greets our happy lot.

O if we thus our struggling souls have filed,
May we not make companionship with thought,
And find that happier sphere which we from erst
have sought ?

xiii.

I cast ye from me, O ignoble race,
And tear your lineaments from out my brain,—
All—all—but *one!* O how that holy face,
Comes rushing on this mirrored soul again ;
O face too holy for the seed of Cain !

Yes, thou sweet memory of that sweetest dream,
Share thou my solitary lot. I fain
Would rescue what remains of that bright beam,
And press it to my heart, all shadow though it
seem.

xiv.

O Zillah! lost one! unto me thou art
An island in a wide and desolate sea;—
A fairy isle afar,—whereon my heart
Mid holy scenes may rest how fond and free.
But ah! around, an ocean's revelry
Rages, with storm and darkness! Yet behold,
There oft my soul with stretching wings will be,
Dreaming that through those storms in darkness
rolled,
Thou mayst to me return, all beauteous as of old.

xv.

O witching dream! delusive, but how sweet!
In vain the wish, the fond ecstatic prayer;
For sooner Heaven shall cease with earth to meet,
Or angels from their holy tasks forbear,

Than I shall cease to nourish this despair.
Absence is but a desert love may win ;
Death but the birth of hopes with plumage fair ;
But O, the magic sweetness that hath been,—
No more to be ! is Heaven's high gate to blackened
sin !

xvi.

I stand amidst the ruins of the heart,
The mighty City of our inward life,
With dungeon, temple, and its crowded mart,
All populous with passions loud in strife.
Let me recall the past ;—with sorrow rife
It rushes on my soul, and boyhood's hour
Steals on me. Sharper than assassin's knife
To pierce and slay is Recollection's power,
Bringing Youth's blessed hopes that faded in the
flower.

xvii.

O Zillah ! in our childhood oft we strayed
Innocent as stars that smiled above,

Through flowery vale and vine inwoven shade,
And dreamed of coming time—how filled with
love!

Oft did our feet by Eden's garden move,
And the bright angel, who with flaming sword
Stood ever there, with watchful duty strove,
And followed us with smile and kindly word,
And deep into our hearts the future's treasures
poured.

XVIII.

Years pressed upon us, and my heart had grown
Unchangeably to thine ; but thy soft eyes
With none than Heaven's celestial lustre shone.
O, love had left them, as the sun the skies
No more on me with blessed warmth to rise ;
But gentle Melancholy, such as reigns
At twilight, dwelt upon thee. Ecstasies,
Like madness wild, bound thee in fearful chains ;
And thou wert faithless, for thy flashing blood was
Cain's.

XIX.

Thy heart had fed on earthly love in vain ;
It drank it as the ocean drinks the river ;
Then soared and bound an angel in its chain,³
Who, passionate as fires that glow forever,
Felt through his frame the pleasing madness quiver.
Oft at the sunset hour, through clouds of gold
My eyes beheld with sorrowing anger ever,
On fiery wing the form of heavenly mould
Sweeping from Heaven to Earth with ecstasy
untold.

XX.

Such love from madness has but slight remove,
And the worn heart with vibratory pain
Hovers between them, restless. Oft I strove
With a firm will to bear the pressing chain,
And deem that thus my bleeding heart was slain,
And offered as a sacrifice to Heaven
With a pure love to God ; but all in vain,—
For unto me the maddening boon was given
To see that proud angelic lust my soul had riven.

XXI.

What wonder, that with deep and passionate fire,
I knelt to Heaven,—to *any* god, to hear;
And prayed for vengeance with a hot desire,
And power to drag the seraph from his sphere,
And bring him to my panting bosom near!

What wonder, that my curses, crowding, fell
On the deaf ears of Heaven,—that dead to fear
I dared against Omnipotent power rebel,
And smiled to see His world had thus become a
hell!

XXII.

O, with what maddened anguish did I see
Hourly in Zillah's soul the passion rise,
Till in the deep absorbing ecstasy
Earth and its beauty faded from her eyes,
And she became a being of the skies.

Love conquered Earth, and with a pangless flight
Her soul wandered to her dream's paradise
Among the waiting stars, whose joyful light
Breaks not within my bosom's solitary night.

XXIII.

Such sorrow finds in tears no long relief;
But with a maniac's passion turns to rend
Things loved and holy, soothing thus its grief,—
Finding in its own blood, its passion's end.
Thus to my torture I my soul did lend,
And with cursed Jubal's seed took rank and name,⁴
And did to their unholy pastimes bend,
Till, in my desolation, I became
First of the cursed of God,—the high areh-mock
of shame.

XXIV.

I from my dream of madness, woke at last,
And with a sense of ignominy fled
From man's contagion, and with gladness passed
To fellowship with nature—and the dead.
Where the bare mountain rears its towering head,
Nearest to Heaven, I built my home, and sought
Companionship with creatures that men dread,—
Their bitter foes,—and thus at length have wrought,
A ealmer being and tranquillity of thought.

xxv.

The eagle swooping from his airy flight
Sails round my crag, and deems me of its birth ;—
And savage beasts shrink crouching from my
sight,
As, parched for blood, they wander ravening forth,
To war with all else on the warring earth.
The cloud mantles with storms the mountain's
brow,
And, with a sense of might and daring mirth,
I plunge amid the blackness, and below
See earth invoking loud its elemental foe.

xxvi.

Here midst the flying years, I wait the end
Of all thy hopes and fears, O struggling soul !
Or haply, else, that Nature kind may lend
Fresh pinions for the flight to human goal ;
For I have turned me from the dark control
Of olden creed, and teachings of my race ;
And if I may not live within the scroll

Of God's few chosen, yet with upward face
I may gaze towards the Heavens,—my Zillah's
dwelling-place!

xxvii.

The end! O word of many thoughts and fears!
Hope's goal, and passion's foe, and pleasure's
bane:
Grim Death! unhappy burden of the years,—
First of the seed of Heaven-accurséd Cain.
By man invoked, men fill his ghastly train,
Moving, poor ghosts, to realms we fear to name,—
To endless silence or the doom of pain;—
Either abhorred,—either the foulest shame
For passion's mighty seat, or glory's dazzling flame!

xxviii.

Still thither tends this human stream; but where,
Amid the winding labyrinths of Time,—
In darkened caves,—in the void wastes of air,—
'Mong stars, or regions that the gods sublime,—
Shall rest the weary load of Grief or Crime?

Youth to the gods,— Guilt to its darkened cave,—
And Virtue to those regions blest shall climb ;
But whither *I* from this sky-cleaving grave ?
I know not ; but I yield not to this fear a slave.

xxix.

But yet the dim revealings of a life
To which we waken from our mortal sleep,
May hush at times this ever-wearing strife,
From which we nought but thorns and bruises
reap.

I feel it through my awe-thrilled spirit leap,
As from my mountain-perch mine eyes survey
Cloud, sky and stars, earth and the sounding deep ;
And O far more, as o'er my senses stray,
Sounds of that sweetest voice that warbleth far
away.

xxx.

And if my heart and reason guide me true,
And I at length shall leap earth's narrow bound,
And my worn soul fair nature's richer scenes pursue,
Shall I not rise above this earthly wound ?

Or, Nature, tell me with maternal sound,
Is this my pain, the symbol of my doom,
While Heaven's vast years fulfill their lengthy
round?

To nurse a fire that doth fore'er consume ?
Or seek a phantom fair that wasteth to a tomb ?

XXXI.

But let me back to life,— to lonely thought
And silent wandering from hill to plain,—
To Nature's breast, whereon I e'er have sought
Relief, O slight relief, from restless pain.
Ah ! might I thus to Nature's calm attain,
And with her kindred elements, that are
Brothers and sisters of my blood, maintain
The harmony of being, and so bear
With Earth's serenity my suffering and despair.

XXXII.

Thus pants my heart for quiet at the last ;
And not in vain have wisest men thus prayed,
Upon whose breasts the storms of life have glassed
To quiet waters ! Thus his griefs allayed,

In majesty of peaceful thoughts arrayed,
Mine eyes have seen the holy Patriarch bowed
On mountain-tops, whose spirit undismayed,
Rising from earth and men,—from beast and clod,
Upon the topmost hills serenely walked with God.

* * * *

xxxiii.

The night is in the mountains ;— the low winds
Creep murmuring from the hollow caverns forth
Wailing a melancholy dirge, that binds
My soul in silence.— No more shines the earth
In jewelled drapery of her heavenly birth ;
But Night sweepeth the dim stars from Heaven,
Brooding with fiercer blackness in the north
Above the mountain-tops ! Appalling even !
Is Nature all to thy unchecked dominion given ?

xxxiv.

A little while the sun on crimson pillows
Shot forth a tender flush of joyful light ;
While from yon city's gates in streaming billows
Came rushing crowds for revelry to-night.

The happy bridal danced;— in robes of white
Came troops of girls with coronals of flowers,
Glancing mute passion forth,— in merry flight
Swift-footed pleasure vied in active powers;—
And blest To-morrow smiles and crowns the wast-
ing hours.

xxxv.

To-morrow! O the unseen Powers that guide!¹⁵
To-morrow is grief's hope — the prison door
That to the fettered captive opens wide,—
Ambition's goal — the miser's glittering store,
The shadow that shall fly to come no more!
O foolish Hope! it is the power that chains,
That dashes down the goblet brimming o'er,
Pours icy fear through Passion's fiery veins,
And soothes or racks the world with pleasures or
with pains!

xxxvi.

Below me shine the city's thousand fires,
And ever rises with continuous sound

The hum of busy life ;— mirth that expires
Wildly ; and passion with self-given wound,
That maketh life but one delirious bound
From infancy to age ! O how serene
The fires with which yon sparkling Heavens are
crowned,—
Vast city of quick souls, that once have been
Drear wanderers through time — with calm or
passionate mien.

xxxvii.

Below is wasting life and all life's worth !
Above, the endless calm for which we sigh.
Here where I stand, upon the upheaved earth,
I lift my soul enraptured to the sky,
And claim my kin with its serenity.
Hear me, ye viewless spirits of the air,
Whose melancholy utterings pass me by,—
My home is in the temples ye prepare,
And I have worshipped e'er where Nature's glories
are !

XXXVIII.

I was not ever as Time finds me now ;
But thanks to thee, O Nature, that the heart
May young remain when Time shall cloud the
brow ;
The violence of strife will rend apart
Things consonant and true, and boldly thwart
Nature's pure ends, and things dissimilar bring
Into harsh union ; but our souls will start
From this unnatural league, and wildly spring
Back to their nature true, with swift unfettered
wing.

XXXIX.

I loved thee, Nature, with a true devotion ;
And I have wandered where thy hand hath made
Things to be reverenced and loved. The motion
Of thy spirit stirring in me, oft hath bade
Me to thy sanctuaries, until swayed
By thy pervading influence, I have deemed
My service not unworthy, and have laid

My offerings on thy altar, and have dreamed
Thou didst accept them there, all worthless as they
seemed.

XL.

The deep sea came with its unfettered tongue
And spoke of thee ; the dense wood spoke of thee
With multitude of voices ; rivers sung
Of thee, rejoicing onward to the sea ;
The many-colored clouds that wandered free
In the deep vault of Heaven, not tongueless were ;
And the wild, wondrous stars that looked on me
From their high thrones, sweet harps of gold did
bear,
And smiled on thee through all their fearful depths
of air.

XLI.

If ye are Nature's children,—if ye love
Her quiet resting-places,—or revere
The exalted glories of her hand, and move
All rapturous o'er mountains bald and sear,—

Through sky, o'er sea, from rolling sphere to sphere
In wandering immortality of bliss
And adoration of her charms,—then hear
My invocetion, nor with souls amiss,
For in my spirit e'er hath dwelt a bliss like this.

XLII.

I do invoke ye from the mountain eaves ;
I bid ye rest your wings upon the dome
Of this high temple that o'erlooks the graves
Of Earth's past ages, and the beauteous home
Of all her living. Here, amidst the gloom
Of the o'erclouding sky, I bid ye speak,
O melancholy messengers of doom ;
If ye have aught of evil here to wreak,
Then once again the night's enfolding silence break.

XLIII.

“ Woe, woe, to Earth ! ” The mountains hear the
cry,
And all their cavernous hollows groan in pain ;
And the last star melts dimly from the sky,
And the thick clouds sweep darkly o'er the plain.

Doomed! doomed! O generations of cursed Cain,—
Doomed, doomed! the cities with their multitude,—
Doomed to the sweeping deluge of thick rain,—
Doomed with the flowery field and branching wood,
To Nature's primal wild,—a noiseless solitude!

XLIV.

If Nature like a froward mother thus
Forgets her offspring, let not me forget;—
Her voice hath been an endless song to us,
Her breast our nourishment. I love her yet;
And though she hath upon my forehead set
The mark of desolation, I will die,
Like one who hath with blessed fortune met,
Or risen conquering from an enemy,
With joy upon his lips, and brightness in his eye.

XLV.

I am alone once more; the viewless wings
Beat gently the still air; the woful cry
Rises again, and through the mountain rings
While shrieking phantasms crowd upon mine eye.

Alone, upon the mountains let me lie
And mingle with the elements again,
With Zillah in my heart and God on high.
'T is blessed thus with Memory's fondest strain
To conquer, all unfared, great Nature's mortal
 pain.

N O T E S.

NOTE 1. PAGE 23.

Alas ! is Knowledge Evil's worthless child ?

In the comparison between the descendants of Seth and Cain, I would not be warranted in attributing all the arts and knowledge then possessed by the world, to the latter. The idea sought to be presented, is, that the descendants of Seth, cultivating a simple or pastoral life, possessed only such arts and degrees of knowledge as would be useful to their condition ; while the descendants of Cain, residing in a community, and not flourishing entirely by "means of agriculture, directed their attention to, and encouraged the arts." I refer to *Jahn's Biblical Archaeology*, sec. 80, and to Scott's Commentaries on the 4th chapter of Genesis. It has frequently been a theme for poets and philosophers, that a pastoral or agricultural life best preserves those virtues which are the sources of happiness. I have availed myself of the idea, without intending to discuss the question.

NOTE 2. PAGE 23.

*But from the branded brow of Cain, behold,
Quick Art and gentle Science, wondrous came;
He framed the city, &c.*

4th chapter of Genesis, 17th to 22d verse.—I here attribute the origin of certain arts and sciences to Cain himself, when, more properly, they should be attributed to his descendants. Among these, Jubal "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ ;" and Tubal-Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in

brass and iron." See the "*Synopsis Criticorum aliorumque S. Scripturæ interpretum*, by Matthæi Poli, on verse 17 of 4th chapter of Genesis. The work to which I refer was printed at London, A. D. 1669.

NOTE 3. PAGE 30.

Then soared and bound an angel in its chain.

I have used here the ancient interpretation, although an erroneous one, given to the 2d verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis. The "Sons of God" were probably the descendants of Seth, who contracted marriages with the beautiful women — "the daughters of men" — of the idolatrous descendants of Cain. The reasons why the words "Sons of God" cannot be supposed to mean "the angels of God," are given in the work of *Matthæi Poli*, above referred to. "*At vero 1. Angeli boni non ducunt uxores, et mali nunquam vocantur filii Dei. 2. Angeli sunt incorporei, nec venereo, congressu uti possunt. 3. Exprimitur hoc ut causa Diluvii; at Diluvium erat in pœnam hominum, non dæmonum.*"

NOTE 4. PAGE 32.

And with cursed Jubal's seed took rank and name.

In the same work it is said, "*Hebræi dicunt quod Jabal fecit tentoria ad ponendum idola; et Jubal canebat instrumentis musicis coram idolis.*"

NOTE 5. PAGE 38.

To-morrow! O, the unseen Powers that guide!

See the lines in Mazeppa, commencing with

"To-morrow would have given him all."

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF OLD.

A JUVENILE ROMAUNT.

O FOR the days of Chivalry,
Those glorious days of old,
When “ladyes fayre” were won by arms,
And deeds of battle bold ;
When prancing steed and burnished lance
And helmet gleaming bright,
And nodding plume and banner fair,
The warrior did bedight.

The days — those glorious days of old —
Will never come again,
When knight met knight in tourney gay,
On hill or vale or plain ;

And shivered lance and broken mail,
And sword and battle cry,
Betokened thy romantic reign,
Gay goddess,— Chivalry!

O for those days, those glorious days,
When swept the wild crusade ;
And low in old Jerusalem
The pilgrim warrior prayed ;
And bright-eyed wandering troubadours
In camp and hall and grove,
To listening knights and ladyes fayre,
Sang feats of war and love.

O for those days, when loving souls
Knew but to win or die,
When broken hearts were more than words,
And healed not by a sigh ;
When anchorets in desert caves,
Who fled from maids and wars,

Had nought to do but feed on roots
And gaze upon the stars!

Had we lived then, in those famed days,
Those glorious days of old,
Thou shouldst have been my ladye fayre
And I thy warrior bold;
From prison bower or castle wall
I would thee thence have freed,
And borne thee sweetly blushing off,
Upon my gallant steed.

I would for thee have fought the Moor
And slain the Saracen;—
Broken the weird enchanter's wand,
And conquered giant men;
And proved on knight with mace and lance
The magic of thy name,
While fair-haired minstrels should have sung
The story of our fame!

But ah! I now, a luckless wight,
Must woo like other swains,
With vows and sighs, and get, perchance,
 But sorrow for my pains.
But, ladye fayre, believe me when
 I say with courage bold,
I love you just as much as though
 We lived in days of old!

TO A RIVER.

RIVER, that flow'st along the verdant plain,
Where I whilome with boyish pleasure roved,
Mid blooming flowers and fields of waving grain,
And woodlands wide, to my young soul beloved,
I greet thee joyful now by fondest memory moved.

Pure as the light which fills the silvery sky
When morning draws the robes of night aside,
Thy sweet-tongued waters dance the meadows by,
And singing, go to join the ocean's tide,
Hushed on the mighty breast that clasps thee as a
bride.

Oft as an angler have I cast my line
Deep in thy crystal waters, and with glee
Seen finny schools sport with the luring twine ;
Or as a hunter have I wandered free
Along thy shores, and felt thou wert a joy to me.

But Time has changed thee, River of my soul,
With hand as ruthless as 'tis firm and strong ;
Once did thy waves midst mighty forests roll —
Sullen old oaks, which had for ages long
Bent o'er thy silvery breast, and hearkened to thy
song.

And o'er thy bosom sped the light canoe,
Urged on by men as wild and strong as thou ;
Upon thy waves with arrow's speed it flew,
Bearing the chief and warriors dark of brow,
Who in some sheltering cove hid panting for the
foe !

Loud o'er the murmurs of thy gentle wave,
The wild war-whoop has echoed to the sky ;
Along thy banks have fought the ireful brave,
Whose gleaming knife and doubly-gleaming eye
Disclosed the vengeance which must either win or
die.

Too hast thou seen the Red Man with sick heart,
Gaze o'er the lost lands of his warrior sire ;
And bowed in soul with lingering steps depart,
To light in distant lands his forest fire,
Or pine till dark revenge repaid his kindled ire.

And thou hast heard the settler's sharp axe ring
With echoes loud amidst the sable wood ;
Where panthers howled, hast heard the gay bird
sing ;
And where the rude and shaggy wigwam stood,
Hast seen arise the White Man's bright and fair
abode.

O that my life could flow serene as thou,
And calm amidst the change of rolling years;
As at the first, so art thou, River, now;
But I, the prey of saddening hopes and fears,
Sail down the stream of Time whose waves are
smiles and tears.

RANZE DES VACHES.*

SING me the song I loved to hear
When in my native home, among
The friends my weeping heart holds dear,—
The song that we so oft have sung.
It soothes my soul, and brings again
My long-loved mountains to mine eyes;
I roam once more the rocky plain,
Beneath my own, my native skies.

* This poem is founded on the statement that Swiss soldiers, in foreign service, have often been known to die of melancholy and home-sickness from the effect of their national airs,—so great is their attachment to the Fatherland.

Let me the Alps behold once more,
And o'er their lofty summits tread,
And hear the cataract's stunning roar,
As wild it seeks its rocky bed.

Let me a hunter once again
The swift chamois like light pursue ;
He flies, he flies ! but all in vain,—
My aim is now as ever true.

Let me but stand where Urlach stood,
And see the Austrian tyrants fly ;—
They came to gather spoil and blood,
And there their white bones mouldering lie.

Ah ! let me shout where fought my sires
The craven serfs of Burgundy ;
Where, fed with blood, our battle-fires
Illumed the path of victory.

Yea, let me weep o'er honored dust,
Honored by tears and songs alone ;

It needs no monumental bust
To make, my sires, your virtues known ;
Yea, let me weep where Tell lies low,
And see his spotless shade arise !
Again he bends the errless bow, —
Unerring, see, the arrow flies.

Sing me my own, my native song,
The song my free-born fathers sung,
When like a host, in Freedom strong,
Upon the flying foe they sprung.
Sing me the song I loved to hear
When, free in heart and young in soul,
I sought the rock and welcomed near
The lightning's flash and thunder's roll.

Sing once that strain, that, ere I die,
My soul may wander back again
Where all my hopes and treasures lie ;
Nor let me ask that song in vain.

Feebly my heart clings yet to time,—
My soul half spreads its airy wing ;
My native hills—my native clime,—
Song of my free-born fathers, sing.

So said the Warrior, and his eyes
He turned unto his much-loved home ;
And seemed to view his native skies,
Seemed yet his native hills to roam.
His parting lips essayed to sing
The song his youth so oft had sung ;
His soul unfolds its airy wing,
And fades those well-loved notes among.

EUTHANASIA.

Voices are in the sky,
And in the firm-fixed earth beneath ;
They speak from mountain-tops, and fly
O'er ocean's waves, and with a breath
Wailing yet clear, say,— We are thine, O Death !

The floweret speaketh it ;
The forest sigheth it ; the stream
Doth warble it in measures sweet ;
The rushing river takes the theme ,
And winds and tempests shout it with a scream .

It beateth in man's heart ;
He, like a captive from his chain ,

Doth clasp his trembling hands and start;
We murmur and repine in vain,—
The words are writ in fire upon the brain.

Upon the heart of Crime,
They fall like mountains downward hurled,
Till round the rolling wheel of Time,
Like Heaven-polluting Ixion whirled,
A thousand deaths it dieth in the world.

He who hath known no God,
Save Chaos and confusing Chance,
Bends slave-like, 'neath the master's rod ;
And as the last dark shades advance
Creeps in the dust—nor rears a skyward glance.

Unto the heart of Good
It comes like music in the night,
Echoing from vale and hill and wood,
And smiling, ready for the flight,
It woos the reaper from the Halls of Light.

But yet we cling to life !
We dread to leave this dust and rise
Like victors from a mortal strife !
If Faith hath not unbound our eyes,
The Heavens and coming Time are mysteries.

No heart's so full of woe,
But hath a pleasant memory
Retained among the griefs below ;
And this doth rise upon the eye,
And pluck the soul adown the opening sky !

And there, 'mong stars of light,
Where Heaven hath taught us is our land,
Shall not these memories glad the sight
And glittering as a seraph band,
Like angels, lead us, smiling, by the hand ?

Not down alone we lie ;
But with the myriads of life

In air, in vales, on mountains high ;
Yet from the dust, with being rife,
The phœnix, Life, springs strengthened for the
strife !

The ill go to the grave
Like Eden's inmates from their bowers,
While fiery falchions o'er them wave ;
The just, by angels led, mid flowers,
Whose sweets are nourished by the flying hours.

Go thou, and learn to die,
And learning this, to live. Be just !
Build in thy soul a Temple high,
And light it with a sacred trust,
And thou shalt rise resplendent from the dust.

SPIRIT-WORSHIP.

Unto the Beautiful and Fair of Earth
Instinctively the kindling soul leaps forth,
And folds it in its arms as spirits of one birth.

And from the Terrible it shrinks in dread,
Fearing and trembling, with a stealthy tread,
Like one at midnight from the dwellings of the
dead.

Thus side by side these two strong feelings lie ;
And e'er, as varying Nature meets the eye,
We clasp our hands in fear or shout exultingly !

And thus we learn to worship at the first,—
We shrink convulsive from the thunder-burst,
And in its muttering tones hear Man and Nature
cursed.

And, joyful, in the golden clouds of air,
We see celestial angels sporting there,
Who bend from Heaven's high walls to hear the
grateful prayer.

And in our fear and love we image forth
The forms our fruitful fancies shape to birth,
And bring our deities in marble to the Earth:

And thus the Persian learned in awe to kneel
Unto the Principles of Good and Ill,
And in the Orb of Fire saw God his face reveal.

And thus in forests and on mountains high,
Man first approached the varied Deity,
And held converse with beings bending from the sky.

But we far more divinely have been taught,
And in the Beautiful and Dread see nought
But handiworks of Him — the eternal Source of
Thought.

B A L B O A . *

THROUGH forests dark with weight of Time,
Through marshes human feet ne'er trod;
O'er mountain tops whose heads sublime
Had known no presencee save of God;—
Mid howling brutes on every hand,
And men more savage far than they,
The hero and his dauntless band
With souls aspiring hewed their way.

* Vasco Nunez de Balboa, Governor of the Colony of Darien, in the year 1513, on a voyage of discovery, penetrated across the Cordilleras, when he saw the Pacific — then seen for the first time by the Spaniards.

By glens and streams, by craggy ways,
Still onward urged that daring band,
Till on the high Cordilleras
With glad and feasting eyes they stand.
Behold! an Ocean rolls below,
Unseen, unknown to other eyes ;
With gladdening fires their bosoms glow,
Their shouts fly echoing through the skies.

“ See ! ” cried the hero, as they kneel
Where man had never knelt before,
“ The bounding billows coastward reel,
Swift heralds from a distant shore ;
Boundless, yon mighty Ocean lies,—
Its waves celestial music bear ;
Your fame, immortal as the skies,—
Your country’s glories slumber there.

“ Now, far as mortal eyes can reach
Calm Solitude reigns o’er yon deep,

Save where along the whitened beach
The high-uplifted surges creep.
No rolling barque e'er stretched its wings
Above those still and mighty waves ;
No sea-born spirit downward brings
A mortal to her eoral caves !

“ Yet there the bellying sail shall glide
And bear the fruits of other elimes ;
And daneing o'er that bounding tide,
Shall sweep the men of eoming times ;
Yea, shores that men have longed to view,
Shall rise to bless the search of man,
With gold and silver from Peru,
And gems and pearls from Indostan.

“ And yet above that waving deep
Shall sail the Old World’s pride and crimes ;
The murdering eannon yet shall sweep
Its thunder o'er these peaceful climes ;

Till, Silence shrinking from her throne,
Shall leave fore'er her calm blue waves ;
And o'er the deep a saddened moan
Shall rise from Ocean's secret graves !

“ But we immortal fame have won,
That shall to ages far go forth ;
Now, praise our Lady and God's Son,
The pious soldier's guides on Earth ! ”
He said — and on the mountain's height,
The Christian's holy sign arose ;
And, bathed within the golden light,
Far shone the solitary cross.

SONNET — TIME.

Voice of the world! which speakest solemnly
From rivers and from vales; from herbs and
flowers;
From pathless forests, Nature's primal bowers;
From out the bosom of the rolling sea,
Imaged eternal; from the giant breast
Of the sky-gazing mountain, and the womb
Of red volcanoes! Thou dost speak the doom
Of Nature and of Man,—the idle guest
Of this quick-passing globe! Thy thrilling tone
Is heard unto the stars, and rings along
The distant pathway of bright worlds unknown,
And dieth in the Heavens to a song:
Time was and is; but yet shall find his doom,—
The last eternal conquered,—in a tomb!

SONNET—LAW.

It is the tyrant's death, the freeman's guard ;
Or framed around the savage council fire,—
Or where the yeoman keepeth watch and ward
In glens and mountains,—where the ancient sire
With patriarchal justice rules his halls,—
Or where a nation, rising up from sleep,
Unbinds its chains, and bursts the frowning walls
Which shut in wolves among the flying sheep,—
Or where meet sages in a deep conclave
O'er Truth and Justice. Then when Truth
approves,
Doth Freedom smile and dig the Tyrant's grave.
While Heaven in man with gentle mercy moves,
And strong and weak in bonds of justice binds,
Perfecting this,—a Brotherhood of minds.

A DAY'S JOURNEY.

THE youth arose with early morn
And caught his pilgrim staff;
The way was long and rough and worn,
But he parteth with a laugh!

The dew-drop sparkled on the grass,—
A bird sang in a tree;
The youth leaps on with smiles and joy,
Happy as youth can be.

He came to a rivulet fair,
And paused among its flowers;
There was humming of insect life,
And music in its bowers.

He wandered on to a festal hall,
Where rose a merry song ;
He drank with glee the silvery tones,—
But he cannot linger long.

He swings his cap with beaming eye,
And hums the merry strain ;
But he sees a towering silver spire,
From the village on the plain.

A cottage stood upon the green,
Which wild vines clambered o'er ;
The pilgrim smiles and drops his staff
As he enters at the door.

The laugh and dance were loud within,
And the jovial piper played ;
He cometh out—but not alone—
He leads an Angel-maid.

And hand in hand they wander on
And reach a darkened wood;
Fear crept among the stern old trees,
In that black solitude.

His laugh rings high—her tears fall fast;—
But she walks in heavenly trust;
And while he laugheth, the loved one falls—
A flower laid in the dust!

He weepeth now; but noon is come,
And he must hurry by;
The blessed one goes on before
And beckons from the sky.

He sees a wall of olden time,
And sits by the ruins lone;
The blind owl flaps him with her wings,
And rusheth down a stone!

He stood in noisy crowds of men,
And jostled with his kind ;
But one by one the multitude
Drop leaf-like in the wind.

He stands upon a rocky shore —
The sea rolls at his feet ;
And ever mid the billowy swell
He heareth music sweet.

He gazes o'er across the waves,
But they mingle with the sky ;
And vast and deep they leap along,
And throw their foam-gems high.

He looks upon the face of Heaven,
And dreams of that sweet land ;
And a gentle spirit cometh nigh,
And clasps him by the hand.

She leads him to the foaming shore,
Where the billows sound alarms ;
And rushed a wave with heavy moan
And caught him in its arms.

And on and on it bore its prey
Along the howling main ;
But he shall reach the distant land
Where Childhood smiles again !

S T A N Z A S .

Away, ye saddening notes of woe ;
My heart hath heard too long ;
And once again would gladly know
Hope's brightest, rarest song.
The foot of Time may rudely tread
On treasures loved and fair ;
Yet why should Hope wax pale and dead ?
Has Earth no charms as rare ?

'Tis true, that Sorrow worketh Pain ;
And we may bear a shock
Above the Fire-Bestower's Chain,
His Vulture and his Rock :

Yet unto life a power is given
To make us sorrow-free ;
Smile thou upon the face of Heaven,
And Earth will smile on thee !

Has Love, the merry urchin, hurled
An arrow at thy breast ?
And hast thou sought a fancied world,
And found no blissful rest ?
Up, thou ! and at the urchin laugh,—
'T is but a sorry knave ;
Or seek with sandal-shoon and staff,
Some kind Leucadia's wave.

There's many a spring of olden time,
And many an ancient shrine,
And many an herb in every clime,
That heal the flame malign.
There's healing, too, in eyes as fair
As those that pierce thy heart ;

Then why, my Strephon, thus despair
Beneath an idle dart ?

There may be griefs whose fiery sting,
Is fixed within the brain ;
Where Hope unfolds a drooping wing,
And madness dwells with pain.
But such, I ween, not oft are found
Where slighted lovers sigh ;
Love's arrow makes a hideous wound —
But — men of love don't die !

'Tis Fancy paints the Beauty's charms
And makes the lover's wound ;
His fancy sees a ghost in arms
And spectres blue around !
I once, I think, wrote furious rhymes
About a broken heart ;
And loudly sighed at certain times
About this self-same dart !

It is a fearful thing, no doubt,
To sigh o'er hopes deeyed ;
But better thus, than sigh and pout,
Because you won the maid.
Life lasts fore'er — but sense is dust ;
Mixed is the state of man ;
So weep for sorrow when you must,
But laugh whene'er you ean.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON WITH THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

THERE is a scene of pomp to-day,
And Milan's streets with life are gay,
 Her banners proudly wave;
Joy! Joy! Italia's Kings are there,
To see a Nation smiling, wear
 The fetters of a slave!

Bring forth the bauble! Lo! the crown
Which from a thousand years came down,
 Of glory, hate and strife,—
By purpled monarchs gaily worn;
Yet now from dust and darkness borne,
 It seals a nation's life!

Roll back the clouds which veil the Past;
Who wore that regal bauble last?

The royal Charlemagne!

But Gaul's proud monarchs lost the prize
When thou, O Milan, didst arise
And break thine iron chain.

A thousand years have onward rolled,
And each a changing tale has told,

Of freedom or of chains;

The fire of youth, the strength of man,
And age's feeble dullness ran
Along thy throbbing veins!

Manhood's strong nobleness was thine,
When gathering from the rushing Rhine
The battling Germans sped,
To trample in thine ancient halls;
But conquered from thy bristling walls
Proud Barbarossa fled!

Now age hath quelled the lightning flame
That once gave terror to thy name;
And, lost in pomp and lust,
Thy people press with shout and song—
A coward, slavish, senseless throng,
To worship royal dust.

But who more fit to bind thy chains
Than he who gained on bloody plains
The battle and the strife ?
Saw kings their purple garments tear,
And empires crushed, in loud despair
Implore the boon of life ?

Aye— who more fit than he, whose word
Drove priests and monks by terror stirred
To count their holy beads ?
Who trod the desert's burning sands,
And, conquering, laid his iron hands
On Egypt's pyramids ?

The trumpets sound,—the drums beat loud,—
Shouts wild the weak ignoble crowd,—

The tasselled gentry smile ;
While full and deep the organ's tone
Rolls like a weeping spirit's moan,
Along the holy aisle !

Bring forth the royal diadem !

The victor grasps the ancient gem,
And bears it to his brow ;
“ ‘ Tis Heaven that gives—who takes, beware ! ”*
Thus cries the Monarch, and who dare
Approach the bauble now ?

But Heaven that gave, took back the crown,
And bore the boasting victor down
Throneless into his grave ;

* When Napoleon placed the crown upon his head, he pronounced the words, “ Dio me la diede ; guai a chi la tocca ! ”

But thou, Italia, art as then,
Though once the nurse of noble men,
A coward and a slave!

SONNETS — FREEDOM.

I.

Thy dwelling is the mountain and the sea,
And the night-frowning forest ; the deep cave,
Rock-hewn, hath been a chosen home to thee,
And deserts have spread forth their sands to save.
Thy voice hath rung upon the mountain rock ;
Thy beacon-lights have gleamed from mountain
height ;
Thine arm hath vanquished in the battle-shock
Deep fastnesses among. For truth and right,
Thou hast with wolves laid down and watched and
wept,
And to the cities of the vale hast made
Thyself a stranger ; till destroying, swept
Upon the tyrant thy avenging blade,
And rose from Earth the multitudinous cry,
“Down with the Despot ! God and Victory !”

II.

Thus from his native mountains on the Moor
Pelayo gazed, and rang his battle-cry
From wild Asturia to the Andalusian shore :—
“ Charge for St. James and Spain and liberty.”
Thus in the Tyrol Hofer fought for right ;
Thus rushed the bold Swiss fearless to the fight,
A living avalanche ; while hills of slain
Lay gleaming in the moonlight on the plain !
But now thou walkest in the vale ; thine eye
Bright with perpetual youth. Thy sword and spear
Hang in the Temple of thy Triumph high,
Appalling trembling thrones upheld by Fear ;
But not to rust ; — e'er ready for the day,
When Truth shall cry aloud and Heaven shall point
the way.

THE POWER OF SONG.

WHEN yet was mute the sounding lyre,
And human tongues had never learned
To syllable the melting fire,
Deep in the kindling heart inurned,
The silent song transporting burned,
Waked by the swelling harmony
Of woods—and winds, and waters rushing by.

At length, unchained, comes forth the song,
And fills the fond delighted ear,
While listening crowds the notes prolong,
And glow with ardor as they hear;
Unloose the smile, restrain the tear,
And feel new life awake the soul,
As on their hearts the softened measures roll.

Around the raptured child of song,
In wonder kneel the changing crowd ;
Hang on his silver-dropping tongue,
Till, by the magic measures bowed,
They hail the strain with rapture loud ;
With sadness melt or maddened fly,
Glowing with hate or wild with ecstasy !

Thus did the Thracian minstrel bring,
The rocks and forests dancing round ;
Thus did Tyrtæus wildly sing,
While through his camp the tones resound ;
The kindling warriors upward bound,
And cry, “To arms !” and as they glow,
Rush with a shout upon the shrinking foe !

The minstrel strikes his kindling lyre,
And sings of war and ladye love ;
How bold Sir Ywain, with flashing ire,
Long with the angry dragon strove ;
Of daring feats in plain and grove,

Till rattling armor drowns the song,
And noisy valor animates the throng.

Thus, as the magic numbers flow,
We own the minstrel's rapturous might ;
With him exult or with him glow,—
With him embrace the ensanguined fight,
Or melt in sadness or delight,
While Time, forgotten, joins the throng,
And smiling, feels the touching power of Song.

Whence is this soft, mysterious power,
The kindling grace of harmony ?
Like winds, that stealing o'er the flower,
Its fragrance pure, bear gently by,
Moves o'er our hearts the melody,
Waking the inborn sweetness there,
And coloring life with hues most rich and rare.

Celestial harmonies there are,
That issued from the heavenly throne,

When star first sweetly sang to star,
As with their primal light they shone ;
Life, with its changes, is a tone
Struck from the melody on high,
Whose chorus vibrates through eternity !

Spirit of Song ! Thou art to me
The uttered sweetness of a soul
Filled with a softening harmony,
And tenderness beyond control.
Wild o'er my heart thy glories roll,
Which beats in ceaseless melody
With silent songs to love, and truth, and thee !

THE SUMMER'S SUN

No breath of air to shake the lifeless trees ;
And the parched leaves, so musical of old,
Hang crisped and silent ; to the shady pool
The languid herd with drowsy footsteps move,
And in its waters stand, slaking their thirst ;
The birds, that in the early morning woke
The answering groves with song, fold their thin
wings
In shady coverts, where pure coolness dwells.
The weary traveller by the road-side lies,
Wrapt in a grateful shadow, watching, faint,
For the pure current of the delaying air,
Which shall like a sweet minister of Love
Play soothingly upon his languid brow.
The city's streets, that but an hour ago

Were filled with bustling feet and eager souls,
Grow empty ; and their parching thousands fly,
Fainting, to the poor shelter of their roofs ;
For thou, with thy merciless scourge, dost make
Their feet to totter, and their eyes to turn
Withering, from the hot deluge of thy beams.

All motionless, the lazy clouds stand fixed,
And blazing in the burning firmament,
Mocking the world, that with uplifted hands
Prayeth for their sealed fountains to be oped.
And yet, a little while, and the hot skies
Shall answer the loud prayer ; and from the clouds
Descend the cooling wind and the soft shower,
Filled with refreshing sweets, while we forget
The dazzling fierceness of the burning sun
In the renewed mildness of his gentle rays.

Not so with those, who doomed to torrid climes,
Where thou, O Sun, and the fierce Hurricane,
Are visible signs of the sustaining power,
And the avenging hand,— or the fierce tribes

Who on the lifeless desert dwell with thee,
Where thou, like an all-blighting god, dost pour
The dazzling fierceness of thy vengeance out,—
Withering the shrub — burning the fountain dry —
While the wan Arab to his flaming tents
Gathers his camels from the noon-day heats ;
There, thou dost blind the sacrilegious eye
Upraised to thee ; and burn the fevered brain,
Till Reason maddens and deserts her throne,—
And phantasies, and forms of beauteous things,
Cool springs, delicious shades, and airy halls,
Dance in the madman's eyes. The gentle brute,
That Heaven bequeathed the desert's wandering
sons,
From the long line of travel rushes wild,
And scours the desert in its frantic pain.
 To thee, Earth's early altars rose ; for thou,
Mightiest in the visible Universe,—
Mightiest in Love and Power, and Fear,— didst
call

From wondering souls, the reverential thought,
That in them strove with an upreaching eye
To worship. 'T' was adoration all untaught;
But they who worshipped thus, Beauty and Power,
Might, with the march of ages and quick thought,
Behold in thee only a token weak
Of the deeper Beauty and exceeding Power
Of the high Throne beyond thee! Even we,
Taught in the pure and sacred truths which Time
And Thought, communing with the boundless
Thought,
Have brought to us, do shrink aghast, as though
Thou wert the unchecked god of the elements,
When thou, O Sun, with thy down-pouring heat,
Dost beckon the fierce Pestilence, which comes
Stifling the City's life, and mirth and noise;
Or when thou callest from their scattered stands,
The sweeping fire-filled clouds, scaring the Earth
With their quick-moving undirected fires,
And shaking it with Thunder.

But to us

Thou art the gentle Parent of the flowers,
And bounteous fruits, and Nature's emerald robe ;
Thou givest Earth its beauty, and to men
Fair life and joyous health. In thee, rejoice
Unnumbered myriads of living things ;—
They that in woods from busy haunts of men
Withdraw ; and they that fill the boundless air,—
Birds, and the insect hosts, whose flashing wings
Reflect thy golden hues ;— all, all, rejoice
In thy beneficent smiles, and hail in thee
The goodness of the high creating Hand.

T R U T H .

TRUTH is a stanch old warrior, and never yet in fight,
Since Heaven unloosed his foeman, did he forsake
the Right.

Yet oft in glorious conflict, by foemen overborne,
He, for a little season the captive's garb has worn.

Unconquered was the captive, and with a giant
hand,
He rent his galling fetters, and seized his flaming
brand.

Armed with his holy weapons, and clad in trusty
mail,
He moveth like a tempest, and scattereth like a gale.

The Earth stood not in silence, uncaring for the
fight,

But she sent out her children, with motley arms
bedight.

And some fought with the Holy, and some fought
with the Ill,

And oft the Evil conquered, and many good did
kill.

But from the graves of Martyrs, will spirits e'er
arise,

To point the way to triumph,—to point where
victory lies.

And as Earth sent her children, she sends her chil-
dren still,

And some fight with the Holy, and some fight with
the Ill.

And as the warrior battled, he battleth valiant now,
For Time marks not a wrinkle upon his holy brow.

He battleth for our freedom from Error and from
Chains,

And he will battle ever, while Tyranny remains.

Men may be false or constant, be recreant or wise,
Where Error plants her standard, his conquering
pathway lies.

Beware, thou false-souled Nation,—thou evil soul
beware!

His sceptre is above thee,—his arm he maketh
bare.

And never Man or Nation passed o'er the sacred
bound,
But from a guilty slumber fell lifeless to the
ground.

The bow your weak hand bendeth, but when the
shaft is sped,
Springs back the subtle timber, as ere the arrow
fled.

So Nature, bent and trampled, shall mightily re-
bound,
And dash the daring Tempter, its victim, to the
ground.

Yet stand Earth's evil spirits, and to the opening
skies
They lift their daring voices, and raise their blank
dull eyes.

And like old wandering Judah, in infamy grown
bold,
They crush their holy altars, and fashion calves of
gold.

They seize a weaker spirit and bind him to the soil,
They blind his upward vision — they lash him to
the toil.

They build them bloody scaffolds, and drag their
victims there,
And to a grisly Moloch a sacrifice prepare.

With vision fixed on Heaven, they filch a brother's
mite,
Till Earth no joy can yield him, then show him
heavenly light.

O, is there e'er a worldling, so wretched and so foul,
As he who plays the Tyrant upon a Brother's soul ?

Who wields a puny sceptre that chance alone hath
given,
And with a little thunder would strive to mimic
Heaven ?

O, speed the golden moment, as surely it will come,
When down shall fall false altars, and fly the clouds
of gloom.

For Truth, the valiant warrior, with banner all
unfurled,
Shall Falsehood nobly conquer, and rule the kind-
ling world.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

Two mighty principles, dividing ever,
Combating fiercely, yet destroying never,
From first till now — from now to last Forever.

In the invisible kingdoms of the sky,
In the great movement of Humanity,
In each free mind two Principles rage high.

One is the holy Love for all great Good,
That raiseth us unto that gentle mood,
With which the holy angels are imbued.

The other is the hate of all great Good,
That sinketh us into that fearful mood,
With which the lower demons are imbued.

It is the attractive or repulsive forcee,
That guides the whirling planets in their course,
Or sends them shivering through the Universe.

One unto pure deeds guides the nations far,
The other, shouting in his rampant ear,
Hurls fierce the fiery thunderbolts of war.

Like the invisible warriors, fierce and bold,
That fought for sovereignty of Heaven of old,
These through the Universe their flags unfold.

Success in mortal eyes oft gilds the wrong,
And fiends triumphant win the shout and song,
That to the Holy Ones should e'er belong.

O it is fearful, without purpose high,
To stand between these warriors of the sky ;
'Tis fearful thus to stand, to yield or fly.

If firm in one great purpose to the end,
Thou shalt not lose, though all else tamely bend ;
Thy path thou canst triumphantly defend.

THE FUTURE.

GOAL of the speeding world ! To thee, unknown,
We cast imploring eyes with lifted hands ;
Thine are the Kingdoms, thine the lofty Throne,
Beyond the rolling worlds and fleeting sands.

The fathers of our race, the hoary sires,
Who, unremembered, sleep mid gathered years,
Ere Priam wept, or woke the Grecian lyres,
Gazed as we gaze, with mingled hopes and fears !

All, all, are thine ;— the world's renownéd names,—
The marble and the brass ! And what to thee
Is pride that soars, the glory that inflames,
More than the mountain's crown, or foaming sea ?

Thou art a friend to him who hath no friend,—
An enemy to him who hath no foe;
The veil of God to him who seeks the End,—
To frightened Guilt, the impending Hell of woe!

'T is fit that we at times should ponder well
Thy mysteries, O world of many fears;
Creeds may be words, our hopes to raise or quell,
But thou, beyond, gloomest like Night in tears!

Thus musing, unto me seem light as air
The dreams of Manhood o'er unworthy things;
The momentary bliss,—delusions fair,—
Crowned glory's smile, or might of mightiest
kings.

But not to me seem light or weak or vain,
The toils that bear our struggling Manhood
higher;
The Sage's lore, and Art's devoted train,
High honors gains,—the Patriot's kindling fire.

In thy wide womb, Time's rolling cireles pause,—
 There the reward, the end of every toil,—
There dwells the ripened fruit of every cause,
 The glory of the worlds,—Time's worthiest spoil.

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

Loud were the shouts by Xenil's wave,
Rejoiced the valiant and the brave,—
 Forgot the toil, the loss ;
The comrade slain,—the stern foray,
The sad defeats of olden day,
 In triumph of the Cross.

Their eyes rest on Granada's towers,
Where counts the Moor the hurrying hours,
 Ere shines the morning sun ;
When through Elvira's opening door,
With wild victorious shouts shall pour
 Castile and Arragon !

Within those towers what anguish lies !
How sad the gathered murmurs rise ;
 “ Granada bound in chains !
Despairing warrior — beauty weeping,
Defenceless age and infant sleeping ;
 Bondage alone remains !”

“ Bondage ! ” stern Muza cried, “ is there
No refuge, warriors, but despair ?
 No hope, but Christian chains ?
Behold, these temples yet are ours,
Our fathers’ spirits’ mount our towers,
 And guard our native plains.

“ Bondage, for whom ? Our fathers’ hands
In battle won these bleeding lands,
 In times more stern than now ;
For us, whose fathers, few but brave,
Swept, like an angry ocean wave,
 From sea to mountain’s brow ?

“Chains for our little ones? and worse,—
Our holy Prophet’s endless curse,
On them, and us, and all?
Our temples shamed, our shrines profaned,
Our children bleeding, scourged and chained,
As menials in the hall?

“Is there no arm to strike with mine?
None left for temple, home, or shrine?
None bold enough to dare?
Look! we will mount the willing steed,
And on yon mountains God shall speed
The cause that battleth there!

“No warrior left? O burning shame!
Now by Granada’s ancient fame,
Ye are not brave or true;
O break in shame your useless spears,
For fallen Beauty with her tears
More manhood hath than you!

“ Granada, O how blest of old,
When plain and mountain bravely rolled
Their warriors on the foe ;
Witness, O Malaga, thy towers ;
Alhendin, too, whose arrowy showers
Swept the fiercee field below !

“ But now, alas ! our sons are slaves,—
Polluted e'er our fathers' graves,—
Our temples desolate !
Our Prophet scorned within our walls,
Our braves but menials in the halls,
Or porters by the gate !

“ But I shall breathe no slavish air,
Nor view our Temples plundered bare,
Or brothers sunk in chains ;
For me, the mountain and the eave,
Free air, free life,— a freeman's grave,—
I cling to what remains !”

His step rings through the echoing halls,
It on the winding stairway falls,—
 Sounds from the silent street;
His courser doth the warrior wait,
And through Elvira's open gate
 Speeds with impatient feet.

The moon-beams shine on tower and hall,
Softly on Xenil's wave they fall,
 And on its flowery shore,
Where speeds the warrior lone and brave,
Whose flying steed along that wave
 Shall never bear him more.

A VISION.

THE Summer's sultry day is gone ;
Up star by star now rolls ;
The night-air wanders murmuring on,
Like the sad march of souls.

I know not why my soul should be
Thus melted into tears,
But that in these dark hours I see
A band of pensive years ; —

The bleeding and the garlanded —
The weeping and the gay ;
Ah ! then the shadows of the dead
Come up in stern array.

I see but dim and misty forms,
Once loving and caressed ;
Yet they stretch forth their shadowy arms,
To touch my heaving breast.

Thus gaze I on that sacred Soul,
Which knew my earliest hours ;
Whose words upon my spirit stole,
Like winds in Summer bowers.

He lifts on high his shattered lyre,
And melody would bring ;
But woos in vain the slumbering fire
Unto its mouldered string.

Not vainly did he touch that lyre,
When life flashed in his veins ;
E'en now his words fly winged with fire,
Along our hills and plains.

And if my song has ever brought
A ray of joy to me,
'T is that the sacred flame I caught,
My early friend, from thee.

And though thy humble grave afar,
My knees have never pressed ;
Yet thou dost shine a sacred star,
Forever in my breast.

And oft, when silence rules the earth,
And breathes her spell on me ;
I dream that thou dost wander forth,
And that I walk with thee.

But on thy brow I see no more
Thy many woes impressed ;—
Woes, which like snake-fangs, stung and bore
Thy spirit to its rest.

But earnest, calm, thou movest by,
And on me lay'st thy hand ;
I see a blessing in thine eye,
Brought from the spirit-land !

THE YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

* * * HE was the Forest's child,
Nurtured amid the sweet sounds of the wild,
The rustling leaves, and the harmonious brooks ;
The whole wide Earth was musical to him,
And full of gentle impulses ; the sky
Arched over him, was but the Temple's dome
Of the invisible wanderers of the world, —
The magical beings of his heart, — with which
He peopled the wide universe. Wild dreams
Came with their misty shadows to his soul,
Tinged with the deep hue of love. The world
He learned in books and dreams, was all the world
He knew. The barbarous Scythian on his steed
With couched lance, was but a portion of

An Asian landscape;—ruined palaces,
Their vast columns stretched inharmonious
Mid burying sand, seemed fresh and full of life,
New from the builder's hand. Far southern wilds,
Where, mid the tangling luxury of trees,
Pierceless to torrid suns, the pale moon hears
By night, the mingling sounds of savage life,
In awful chorus, were to him, afar,
Full of the sweet voice of Nature. The ages,
With all their barbarous pomp of war and crime
And passionate lust, were mellowed softly down,
As by the painter's art, with a sweet hue
Of chivalric feats and gentlest love. The men
Of History were demi-gods, that looked
From the far ages down, through misty shrouds,
Upon a feeble race. His soul in dreams
Wandered upon the traveller's footsteps far;
And saw he all distinct and huge of form,
Mountains aerial, gathering from the sky
Fountains in the glad sunlight to pour down

In giant streams. Through deserts fierce with heat
He wandered, and at noonday in the shade
Of his white tent he lay, and Arab maids
With lustrous eyes, dark with their land's passion,
And forms, wavy and sylph-like, magical
In the wild harmony of love, were there,
Ministering from fountains cool to his parched lips.
Through fabulous lands, beside melodious streams,
Where nought but Fancy wanders wrapt in dreams,
His soul took flight; and, in its pilgrimage,
Gathered all beautiful things to glow forever.

He dwelt in his own world of love and beauty;
Rejoicing in the creatures of his heart,
Glowing and palpable, in his wild ecstasy;
Harmonious forms with flowing golden hair,
And flashing eyes so deep with Heaven's pure light,
That their exhaustless rays, like blaze of stars,
Flow out and out, flooding his happy world
With innocent joy. Obedient to his thoughts
They moved, ministering in all good things.

But one sweet Vision came forevermore
Gently upon his soul; a spirit blest,—
With pensive, rapturous eyes, and bringing ever
The twilight's gentle thoughts in her fond gaze.
Impalpable even to his distempered mind,—
She seemed but as a portion of the air,
But half distinct. With her large pensive eyes
She gazed upon him; and her airy lips
Gave forth melodious sounds, just audible
Upon the musical wind. It seemed to him
The still voice of the forests and the vale,
And the high mountains and the silvery lake,—
So clear that the hushed air waved not,— but bore
The liquid measures, as an angel's wing
An infant's prayer. It died as dying not,
But mingling with the winds wandered afar,
'Mong rustling leaves; yet dwelling in the soul
With an undying life.

Is it a dream ?

He cried; come such sweet sounds from thee,
O Sleep ?

Do thy dark halls echo with harmonies
That pierce with joy the dim oblivious sense?
Or is it but the impalpable wild form
Of Fancy's children? Fond ecstatic power,
Who dost from the rapt soul's essence create
Beings immortal, whose invisible wings
Flutter with joy over the heart's wide world;—
Can thy creations like frail forms of dust,—
The perishing—the loved,—moek all our hopes?
Or in the waste realms of Forgetfulness,
Silently fade? They live—they live forever!
Like the flower's sweetness when the floweret
withers;
Like the wind's song when hushed among the hills;
The Universe retaineth them in some fair spot,
And they revisit us, albeit we know not,
In summer airs and evening gales, and in
The melaneholie wanderings of our souls.

* * * *

Thus dreamed he, and the busy world passed by

And knew him not. The roar of startled life
Pierced not his ears ; the far-off sound of strife,—
Of the wide Earth in war,— of jarring thrones,—
And the loud beatings of a Nation's pulse
Throbbing for liberty,— came not to him.
O foolish one that sleepest ! Rise, look forth !
Throw off the shadow from thy dreaming soul,
And see a world move by thee bound in chains,
Yet struggling like a lion in the toils.
This is thy world,— the mother who now shrieks,
And crieth to her children, loud and far.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

ETHEREAL spark! whose parent fire
Slept in the deep eternity
With God, and God's angelic choir,
Ere first rolled on Time's mighty sea!
The immortal spark in silence slept
Till came the fullness of God's years;
When down the starry heavens it swept
To move mid changing smiles and tears!

Here bound to clay the living flame
Glows feebly through its earthy veil,
Scarce bearing yet its deathless name,
And all undonned its gleaming mail,—
Till, bursting forth from cloud and night,
Slowly it toils to joy and light,—

Struggling and growing
By night — by day —
Sparkling and glowing,
Flaming away ;
Striving through gladness,
Striving through tears,
Toiling through madness,
With hopes and fears ;
And weaving in silence and gloom
From what it from darkness hath brought,
On its God-given, e'er moving loom,
The web of its deathless thought !

Invisible the spirit being ;
Yet toiling through the rolling years,
With ceasless labor, — eye all-seeing,
Behold how vast its might appears !
It climbs the mountain, walks the sea,
And rears its stature to the sky ;
Descends the Past, whose shadows flee
Before the brightness of its eye ;

Then it the veil of space puts by,
And looks in on Eternity,
Where toileth the arm which never
Shall rest in its mighty deed ;
But in silence and darkness forever,
Works out what God hath decreed.
Its earthly toil is done !

Lo ! wide it spreads its wings
And mounts above the sun,
And bound of earthly things !
And thus as onward rolls
The living wheel of Time,
Amid expanding souls
And deities sublime,
Wrapt in the silent clouds of thought
In which Intelligences high
The secret ends of Fate have wrought,
It grasps Immortality,
And throned on stars beholds unfurled
The secret movement of the shadowy world !

THE WARRIOR.

WHEN of old the daring knight
Sought the foe on battle-field,
Firm he donned his armor bright,
Seized the spear and raised the shield.

Hurtling arrows filled the air;
Lances shivering flew around;
Old and young, and brave and fair,
Bleeding sought the purple ground.

Foremost in the battling crowd,
Speeds the steel-clad warrior by;
Rings the clamor wild and loud,
Thicker still the arrows fly.

On his breast the lances shiver—
Fast their swords the foemen wield ;
And the arrows, broken, quiver,
Falling harmless from his shield.

Thus may'st thou an image find ;
Learning, on life's battle-field,
Armor round thy limbs to bind,
Seizing firm a trusty shield.

Man an errant warrior is,
Deathward fighting bold his way,
Rocks among and wilderness,
Or where pleasant valleys lay.

Wouldst thou ever victor be,
O'er thyself and o'er the world,
Press thou onward valiantly,
Where the lance and dart are hurled.

Binds thy limbs in armor sure,
View with care the battle-field;
From thy soul by watching pure,
Seize a bright and trusty shield.

Then in vain shall arrows fly,
Spears shall shiver on thy breast;
With a firm unyielding eye,
May'st thou win the warrior's rest!

THE TWO GRAVES.

O WEEP with me ye who did know
Him, our beloved, our hope, our pride ;
 He lieth low ;
And the death-angel him beside,
 With folded wings,
Weeps at the woe he brings.

The strong branch of our family tree,—
Whose heart seemed full of happy days
 That were to be ;
O never more shall health's full blaze,
 And strength and love,
Assuréd armor prove.

O weep with me, ye who did know
How manly virtue shone in him ;
How honor's glow
Stainless as wings of cherubim,
And lofty pride
His upward path did guide !

With spirit brave, his manly breast
He bared unto his country's call ;
And where the West
Bound in the wide Pacific's thrall
No more extends,
His youthful fortune wends.

Nor hostile war, nor deathful clime,
Stole health or strength from brow or arm ;
That perilous time
Gave manlier beauty to his form,
And to his mind
Fresh graces yet did bind.

Life led him through its happiest round,
That he might see what Earth possessed;
And as he found
The Star whose light should make him blest,
With merciless joy,
Death, summoned, to destroy!

O Death!—how terrible at best,—
On downy pillows, or in arms
We love, at rest;
Warm tears and aching hearts no charms
To thee can give,
For him who yet would live!

But O, the solitary death,
Mid wailing winds and angry skies;
Where Winter's breath
Greets the sad spirit as it flies;
Nor heart of friend
Dreams of the bitter end!

O weep with me ! his feet no more
Shall in our pleasant places roam ;
Never shall soar
His heart's joy mid the joys of home.
Our family tree,
Shall bent and broken be.

But stars beyond, and over waves
Of the wide sea of boundless air,—
Beyond all graves,—
His voice doth still a message bear,
And bid us come
Unto that far-off Home !

For there, a branch of our fair tree
Is planted deeply and with care ;
And it shall be,
Our vision's goal through fields of air,—
Where yet shall stand,
Gathered our broken band.

Then we will weep no more that thou
Dost wait for us impatiently ;
But rather, now,
Hope that we yet may be with thee,
And greet above
The Brother of our Love !

Another grave gleams in the sun,—
Another time our hearts have bled ;
Our little one
Hath gone down, beauteous, to the dead,—
Our youngest love,
Hath gone to Him above !

O fairest one, whose gentle eyes
Lit with the heaven's transparent blue,
Seemed from the skies
To bear a more than mortal hue,
And ever shone
With tenderness alone !

So fond, so beautiful, that we
With claspéd hands did ever pray
That she might be
The Angel of our future way,
And here below
Look always fondly so!

She came, as fading Summer gave
Its golden fruits with bounteous hand ;
While, glowing, wave
The rich ripe harvests round the land,
And Earth doth bring
The promises of Spring.

A little year,—as Autumn winds
Strip the bare trees of yellow leaves,
And glad Earth binds
In harvest fields the golden sheaves,
Death came and bound
Our Promise in the ground!

Of such is Heaven,—so Christ hath said ;
O guard her gentle spirit there !—
 Death never led
From Earth, one purer nor more fair ;
 A little flower,
Plucked in its opening hour.

Kind hands bound o'er her marble brow —
Warm thanks, O friends !—a flowery wreath ;
 Together now
Ye sleep, O fading flowers, beneath.
 It withers there ;
But she doth Heaven's crown wear.

Ye distant graves ! wide stretching lands
Lay in their golden pomp between ;
 But angel hands
Together bind in joy serene,
 In realms above,
The offerings of our love !

V A N I T Y.

How few of virtues ever boast
Such as our souls should prize the most,
As worthy of possession!
To us are others faults the worst,
And our own good is seen the first,
And told in loud profession.

To others errors e'er unkind,
And to our own forever blind,
We praise with hesitation
All save ourselves, and deem applause
On others poured is weighty cause
For high disapprobation.

The best of minds may errors hide ;
The best of hearts may swell with pride
O'er many a weak illusion ;
As innocence may evil do,
And strongest heads their weakness shew,
And plod in deep confusion.

Truth does not ever win its way,
And human thought and action sway
By its own force and beauty ;
The well-dressed lie is oft more strong,
And men may for an open wrong
Forsake a sacred duty.

He who is vain from want of sense,
By cunning deep or impudence,
May flattered be and lauded ;
While modest Wisdom, timid grown,
Half smiles, half frowns, with eyes cast down,
To be aloud applauded.

Deceit may wear a friendly smile,
For thus it best can e'er beguile,
 And swear you true affection ;
Praise, lie, and flatter, and *look* all
Which men pure constant friendship call
 In features and complexion.

But few there are who e'er can know
The thrilling pulse and kindly glow
 Of love disinterested ;
With most the moving power at best,
Is sordid weak self-interest,
 Whichever way 'tis tested.

He who speaks loud of his own worth,
Whate'er his fortune, state, or birth,
 Will make the wise disgusted ;
For knavery will e'er put on
The priest's surplice or friar's gown,
 When anxious to be trusted.

And scorn not Friendship, though 'tis poor;
Rich vesture is not virtue, sure,
Nor wealth e'er firm and trusty;
A noble heart may be disguised,
Though by the foolish 'tis despised,
Beneath a garment rusty.

The smallest thing that crawls the earth,
Is not so weak, so little worth,
As vanity conceited.
It is the fly fore'er beset,
And by each spider's open net,
Is ready to be cheated.

But worst of all is Vanity,
So blind that it can Truth ne'er see,
Save in its own good season;
The pride of soul by which we dream
To set against the great Supreme
Our own deluding Reason.

Blind fool ! because thou canst not see
What angels find a mystery,
Thou dar'st, by folly driven,
Look up with mad unfearing eye,
Withstand the counsels of the sky,
And blot out God from Heaven.

THE FOREST.

COME, let us go forth to the woods to-day ;
There is a sultry hotness in the air,
And our thin walls are burning with pent heat.
Then let us go forth to the forest shades,
Where creep the cool winds o'er the freshened
ground,
And health reigns like a queen.

I love the calm
And melancholy rest of these old woods.
Through the still lapse of years, while the small cot
Has fallen to decay, and the neat mansion rose
On its foundation, and hath, too, grown old,
These huge, rough trees have stood, and gentle
winds,
Laden with the pure sweets of southern flowers,

Have wandered through their branches, and have
flown

To die in the rough presence of the North;
And resting from the carnage or the toil,
Beneath them the rude Indian hath his limbs
Spread out, and listened to his fathers' voice,
Murmuring in the sweet cadence of the wind
In the high tree-top.

If our minds are full
Of the deep workings of the viewless soul,
And of the principle of our quick life,
These are our temples; from the midst, our voice
Sounding through the wide aisles and columns
huge,
Shall rise full of the spirit of pure thought,
Nor rise in vain.

Here, starting from the shade,
Leaps a quick stream, as fleeing from the dark
And melancholy stillness, it would seek
The abode of light to revel in the vale

And sparkle in the sunbeams. Deeply housed
In its small caves the nimble trout lies hid,
Or through the noisy ripple darts along
Like a quick shadow. Trace the flying stream,
As like a thread of silver it winds through
The plain, enraptured with its race, till lost
In the far distancee. Now thou seest it not ;
Yet flies it onward, laughing in its course,
Widening and deepening, till with lazy sweep
And strength resistless, it doth bear along
The noisy steamer and the proud huge ship,
Rich with the varied stores of other climes,
Or grim with the fierce trappings of red war.

Here let me draw a lesson from the woods,
And from the deep stillness ; for my mind is full
Of the calm teachings of these tranquil hours.
Ye who would lift your souls above the earth,
And revel in the unutterable thoughts
Rushing from the wild mysteries of Time—
The abode of the great secrets of the world,—

Go to the still forest, with a calm strong heart,
And stand amid the murmuring of winds,
The tinkling of the waters, and the spell
Of the high Presence.

Here I bend and feel
The littleness of my strong hopes. If ye
Would know how weak our false desires,—how
tame

The highest aim of all, save those who strive
By good deeds to come near the Throne of Good,—
How like a maniac's daring seems the strife
For eminence, by overturning Truth
And the unbending law of Virtue,—stand
In the full calm and quiet of these woods,
Till the iron visor from your soul falls off,
And you hear the true teachings that of old
Gladdened your spirit, ere you stifled peace
With trappings from the armory of the world.

If that beyond the round of mortal things,
Hid in the deep recesses of our life,

Pervading harmonies there are, whose strains
Float with the immortal years of good men's
souls,—
If that beyond the chaos of our days,
There be a Principle whose mighty rule
Swayeth the wide universe, and from disorder
Bringeth eternal Order,—then 'tis time
That my cold heart should be all young again,
And fresh with Nature's love;—again to feel
In gentle winds the sweet breath of Heaven,—to
catch
From babbling brooks and rustling leaves, the voice
Of the Paternal One;—in mountain heights
And the great Ocean's multitudinous waves,
And all the visible wonders of the sky,
To see the Glory of the invisible Form
That maketh all.

Take, then, my heart again,
In close companionship, O wondrous One,
That movest upon Life and Time and Fate,

Aud stillest the great tumult of our years !
If the few circles of my life have left
Aught pure or worthy,—so that once again,
The disembodied Love which reigns unseen,
Pervading with calm energy the world,
Can move my spirit with its gentle fires,—
Encircle me with all your hills and woods,
And quiet resting-places ; be to me
The unseen music of the night,—the sound
Of the far water-fall,—the gentle hand
That guideth by the touch of inner sense
In all good ways,—the sweet companionship
That moves, suggests, and with electric fire,
Gathers the power of all harmonious sounds
In the sweet flood of song.

MYSTERIES.

In vain! The student hath no art
To pierce the inner truths which lie
Hid in the deep mysterious Heart
That fills the universal sky.
He strives to move *without* the walls
Of the great world, and *in* the halls
Where Fancy wanders free
In her rapt ecstasy!

Back! Invisible hands are there,
And close the portals of the air;
But thou may'st dream of sights and sounds,
And the waked spirit may uprise
And strive to vault into the skies;

But through the spirit-woven bounds
That guard the inner universe,
This flesh and being may not pierce !

Man, chained, imprisoned to the Earth,
Has thoughts as limitless as Heaven,—
And soul that would on wings go forth
Daring as the high Unforgiven,
And with a wild unflinching eye,
Read the dread councils of the sky.

'T was this soul-daring wild and high,
That drew the changeful gods of old
Down from the thickly peopled sky,
And raised man to its thrones of gold.
The Heart, aspiring, heard the tale,
How Ixion, godlike, trode the sky,—
How Orpheus soothed the shrieking wail
Of Hell's wan ghosts with melody ;
How the grim Titans dared to war

With the high Heaven's avenging powers ;
And how, to shine a beauteous star,
Astrea left her earthly bowers !

But, like the speetres of a dream,
Those fabulous gods have fled the sky ;
Their broken thrones and seeptres gleam
Only in realms of poesy.
There, still shall Orpheus wildly sing,
And the lone Maid on Virtue smile ;
There, Ixion strive with Heaven's high King,--
The Titans build their warlike pile,--
And the armed gods rush from their thrones,
And war with Earth's aspiring sons !

The will *to know !* — the fierce desire !
It is the Titan, that, of old,
Dared the stern gods' avenging ire,
And down his towering mountains rolled.
Yet strange ! while with reluctant mind
Compelled to own our vision blind,

And leave the mysteries we see,
Clouded in deeper mystery,—
We with tyrannie souls would still
Force human judgment to our will.
Man's ereed, like his own soul, is free,
 And none may stand 'tween him and Heaven;
Presumptuous Bigot! turn and see
 How much thou hast to be forgiven!

Let virtuous judgment rule the mind,
 And man's high spirit wander free,
The few truths in his path to find,
 Sent as a human legaey,
Which all may modestly possess,
 And read as time has given us art:
Fearing that should our souls do less,
 And scorn usurping rule the heart,
Like the pale gods that shrieked and fell
 In the tumultuous war of Heaven,
We may madly, like them, rebel,
 And fall soul-shaken, lightning-riven!

THE OLD MINSTREL.

AH ! once again my trembling fingers
Sweep o'er thy strings, harmonious lyre !
Forgotten long, yet in thee lingers
A portion of thine olden fire,
That waked in Youth the soft desire,
In Manhood roused the earnest soul,
And trembling Age soothed on its darkening goal.

O'er my pale brow Time's snowy wreath
In silvery folds is gently thrown ;
And o'er my path, around, beneath,
The ashes of my joy are strown ;
Yet comes to me the rapturous tone,
Which issued from thy strings whilome,
The songs of Youth,—the sacred strains of Home.

Back from the verge of fading Time,
Mine old eyes gaze with filling tears ;
'Tis not that I no more shall climb
The flowery hills of Manhood's years ;
Nor that I shake with hidden fears ;
But ah ! the forms, the scenes I see,
Moving along thy halls, fond Memory.

Come up, ye wandering shadows, come ;
Your faded tents around me fold ;
It cheers this old heart in its gloom,
Your time-worn features to behold.
Again, my lyre, through strange and old,
Wake to thy once mysterious power,
And soothe my earnest spirit for an hour.

Sing of the youth that filled my veins,
When young love touched my trembling breast ;
Bring back the vales, the woods, the plains,—

The laughing stream,— the eottage blest,—
The loved, who watched my infant rest,—
The friends I knew ere life revealed,
The bitter thorns in childhood's flowers concealed.

And O, with gentle mercy give
A moment to my weeping eyes,
Him, who within my heart doth live,
Yet in that distant grave-yard lies.
Strange voices round his dwelling rise,
And unknown friends weep o'er his grave ;
O could not Love and tenderest Friendship save ?

Bring me the little one that lies
With folded hands 'neath yonder plain ;
Open once more those soft blne eyes,—
Restore that heavenly smile again,
And dart its sunlight through my brain ;
But all in vain the weeping prayer,—
Still with her folded hands she lieth there !

Now strike a louder, bolder strain ;
Bring me the trophies I have won
In many a strife of woe and pain,
When highest rolled my manhood's sun,—
Cans't thou, O Time, not rescue one ?
Ah ! dust and ashes ! Bear them hence,—
Too vain for thought — too foul for innocence !

Bring me the good deeds I have done,—
The sorrows checked, the dried up tears ;
Ah ! few, yet bright as Heaven's bright sun,
The jewels of my gathered years ;
I'll bind them, yet with anxious fears,
Around this old heart as I go,—
They cannot give my cheek a crimson glow.

If I have suffered woe and pain,
And felt the blight of evil men,
Touch lightly on the saddening strain,
They shall not wound my heart again ;

Forgetful of the evil, when
I Memory's fondest joy's recall,
I smile to think how harmless was the gall.
-

In vain! thy saddened task is o'er,—
Sleep songless with thy weight of tears;
A few brief days, and then no more
Thy sound shall pierce the gathering years;
Yet e'er as Life its darkness nears,
Will fond remembrance gently bring
The holy tones that blest thy songless string!

THE AGES.

YE who with iron hands and earnest souls,
Shape for yourselves a fortune and a name ;
And ye who with prophetic vision, hail
The generations of the free and wise
Beyond us, — for a moment pause !

The Ages,

With their unceasing round of gathering years,
Destroying and rebuilding, are not voiceless.
From the dark years, where, like a misty dream
But half remembered, with its temples, thrones,
And mighty hearts, and never-dying names,
The venerable Eld slumbers in clouds,
A glorious Spirit comes. It is the free,
The unbending impulse of a World of Souls !

Onward it cometh! Kings from their high thrones
May thunder,— Priests, from their dark shrines,
 invoke

The blind and haggard Spirit that, of old,
Poisoned the world,— but the free Soul of Man,
Like the invisible Hand that stayed the will
And struck the persecuting Pharisee,
Rider and horse adown, shall wander forth
Strong in its godlike armor; and false kings,
And blasphemous men, alike shall see
The conquering progress of the wise and free.

How turns the soul, revolting, from the sight
Of the long years of wo, when human gods
Rode o'er the prostrate millions of the world,—
When Kings were kinglike only in their wrath
And power of desolation,— and the Priest,
Uprising from his altar, with stretched hands,
Stood between God and man, with a foul lie
Blinding Earth; and so slaves of men were made—
And that most foul of Human Slavery,

Which fetters not the limbs, but ehains the mind,
Until the sense of Freedom, and high Truth,
And Human Destiny, are wrecked and gone,
And the poor Spirit deems itself most free,
Smiling in foolish ignorance of chains.

Of old, when War and Ignorance were food
For Tyranny to fatten on and thrive,
Who, of the throng of robéd priests and kings,
Bade the worn son of toil God-speed? Or who,
Of all the hosts that fattened on the sweat
Of the world's down-crushed millions, could behold
Through the dark maze of unsubstantial things,
The hand that holds a plough fixed on a throne,
And the tough frame firm by long years of toil,
Bearing a Nation's weight? Chained to the soil,
The weary laborer drove his team afield,
And wondered that the Heavens should give the
ground
To those who scorned the honest hand that tilled it,
And who disdained its culture. The quick soul

Of the poor Artizan who wrought for food,
And for the world's necessities and pleasures,
With suppliant frame bent by the lordly side
Of a severe task-master. Then shrunk back
From the false world the high inventive Mind;
For Custom, with its train of worn-out useless
thoughts,
Sat like a Dagon crowned, mid worshippers,—
And the pure Godlike thought, which shaped itself
Into a Human Blessing, was a curse
And blasphemy to them.

Free, though unseen,
The Spirit of the Ages dwelt with men;
And here and there a soul prophetic saw
The millions rising from the fertile soil,
And dashing Tyranny below; they saw
A new nobility, whose honors were
The signs of labor and a chainless soul,—
A mind ambitious to obey or rule,
As Virtue's call demanded; the strong chains,

Forged in the centuries of wo, were thrown
Broken and shivered by,— and Man, the free,
God-honored, rose and clasped his brother's hand,
Filled with a noble and impulsive soul,—
Impulsive to all generous deeds of high
And virtuous daring !

Thou free Soul of Man !

Though in the ages old, the heavy chains
Of Tyranny were laid on thee, and deep
In dungeons damp thy lingering years were shut,
Thou, from thy chains and prisons, didst go forth
Free as the fires of Heaven ! Thy holy truths
Were a religion unto thee,— thy faith
Was in thine own sufficiency of power,—
Thy martyrs were the noble thoughts that died
In the cold cells of dungeons, or fell dead
On the deaf ears of an insensible world !
The Mountain, pillowing Heaven on its high head,—
The Sea, imaging the invisible One,—
The Sky, throning the innumerable spheres,—

The inner temples of the great world around,—
The Beauty and the Glory of the Earth,
With all its multitude of holy things,—
Were yet within thee, and thou, too, in them.
And the still years, laboring with patience on,
And toiling for thy glory and thy power,
Brought, and still brings for all thy earnest prayers
A bright fulfilling hour.

Still moves it on !

Ah ! who shall limit with usurping mind,
Thy progress, Human Freedom ? Who shall stay
Thy wingéd spirit, high-born, toiling Soul ?
On to thy task ! The ages from afar,
Point with their misty arms, and smile to see
The conquering progress of the wise and free !

M Y S E L F.

WHAT am I in the world? One of its unnumbered
 throng;

But one among the many and feeble 'mong the
 strong.

One heart among the millions, and bound to those
 I love,

The world is all around us, and the gentle Heaven
 above.

One soul among Earth's spirits, and that dwells all
 alone,

And works out its own being,—each answereth for
 his own.

God maketh us all brothers,— but men have made
us one;

For each heart builds a castle and gathers in its
own.

What am I in the world? All powerless 'mongst
my kind:—

My grave may ope and clasp me, my memory
fades like wind.

What am I in my spirit? God answereth unto me,
Immortal,— and the Ages my residence shall be.

Shall I then spurn the world? No — the world is
now my mother,

And to her scattered children, God maketh me a
brother.

My voice I must lift loudly to woo the holy Right,
Though men pursue and wrong me, oppressing
with their might.

My arm I must lift boldly to shield the weak and
true,

Though treacherous men may elamor, and on my
path pursue.

And I must give my body, if the sacred Need must
be,

To guard the Truths descended unto the world and
me.

And I must build a stronghold for the hearts that
cling to mine,

To save them from the Traitors that 'gainst the
weak combine.

Thus shall the feeble gather strength, encompassed
with a wall

Of holy deeds around us, and God above us all.

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Ixion, and other poems.



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